

the past. The League in its mental characters is to appeal to the noblest sentiments of young Canada. Our giant enemies are Ignorance, Intemperance, and Impurity—the same everywhere. Our Methodist League is the marshalling of a New Crusade: our soldiers a hundred thousand young men and women, boys and girls; our symbols are the white cross and the white shield; and our aim nothing short of Canada for Christ. The needs of those who are too young for membership in the League are provided for in "The Junior League," which is preparatory to the Epworth League. The colours of the League will be a white ribbon containing a scarlet thread. No fees are required and no assessments. This is left purely a matter of local option.

Epworth tracts, forms, etc., may be had by addressing

W. H. WITHROW, D.D.,
Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

A Vigorous Chapter.

THE Epworth League of Marengo, Ia., have undertaken a work of great importance. They have for several months held Young People's prayer-meetings in the parlours of the church, on Sunday evening, for an hour before preaching-time.

The parlours have been crowded to their utmost capacity, and the work of the League has increased the attendance upon the Sunday evening preaching service fully one-third. Lately they have recognized that the young men of the town, and strangers visiting the town, had no place in which to spend the evenings, where they might have the pleasures of society without being exposed to evil influences; so they have organized themselves into an association known as the "Epworth League Library and Reading-Room Association of Marengo, Ia." They have taken out articles of incorporation, have rented and are handsomely furnishing two large rooms in the business portion of the city. In these they propose to give a musical and literary entertainment once a month. The reading-room is to be free to all. They hope by this means to keep some of the young men of the place out of the billiard-rooms and other questionable places of resort. The pastor, Rev. E. C. Brooks, says: "The Epworth League, both for our church and also for our community, is proving a great blessing."

Bishop Vincent on the Epworth League.

"THE Epworth League seems to be making rapid progress. Good and strong men are taking hold of it. I do not see how it can fail to become successful in organizing our young people, and setting them at work. One may make the term 'Epworth' as general and all embracing as he desires. Was it not in Epworth that the Wesleys were born? Was not the Epworth rectory the home of loyal English churchmen—the true predecessors of our Arminian Methodists? Was not the Epworth rectory the centre of rare domestic grace and power? Was ever a stronger, gentler, wiser mother than Susannah Wesley, who prepared her noble boys to do the world-wide work to which God called them? Were not the philanthropic, the humanitarian impulses which characterized the very dawn of Methodism, really born in the Epworth rectory? Would ever the Wesleys have made the thorough students they did but for the inheritance and training which Samuel and Susannah Wesley, true saints of God, true apostles of culture, gave them? Did not the college career and early evangelistic ministry of the Wesleys begin in the Epworth rectory? Let the Epworth League, therefore, represent to us all that was strongest, sweetest, holiest,

most scholarly, most philanthropic, and most devout in the earliest Methodist movement. May your convention be full of wisdom, love, and power, is the earnest prayer of your faithful friend."

The Epworth League.

THIS new Social and Religious Movement is awakening very great interest throughout the entire country, as evidenced by hundreds of letters of inquiry from all parts—from Newfoundland to British Columbia.

Already a considerable number of branches have been established in Toronto, Vancouver, B. C., London, Oshawa, Ottawa, Peterboro', Lindsay, Ingersoll, Sarnia, St. Catharines, Belleville, St. John, N. B., Charlottetown, P. E. I., Moncton, N. B., Burin and Trinity, Nfld., and elsewhere, and others are forming every week.

The mass meetings in Toronto, London, and Hamilton, have been very successful in creating an interest, giving information, and promoting the objects of the League.

In the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, the Young Ladies' Mission Circle became enrolled in the department of Christian work of the League. They held a bazaar for mission purposes, resulting in over \$400 for that good object.

The Lombard Street Mission, carried on chiefly by the young people of this Church, holds meetings on several evenings in the week, in a large and comfortable steam-heated room, in a new warehouse in that once unsavoury street. They have had a large number of waifs from the Model Lodging House, many of whom were far gone in dissipation. Numbers of these have remained for special prayer, and much good is being done, and not least is the moral benefit received by the young workers in this Christly work. One said to the writer that she would not have believed it possible that she should become so interested in such work.

The Young People's Prayer Circle has taken up the Epworth League prayer topics, assigning the conducting of the meeting to its members in rotation.

On New Year's eve, a good supper was given to over one hundred of the attendants on this mission. Afterwards, a short religious service was held, and a number of them went to the watch-night at the Metropolitan Church.

Another mission band, in connection with this church, has conducted for over a year a very successful Sunday-school, class-meeting, and evening service, in the east end of the city, which have resulted in several conversions, and in the reformation of some confirmed drunkards.

In Carlton Street Church, in this city, 175 members are enrolled in the Epworth League, which is doing good work. A full report of Leagues organized will soon be given.

Crackling Thorns.

DID you ever throw a handful of thorns under a dinner-pot suspended from an old-fashioned crane in a wide kitchen fire-place? If so you heard a noisy crackling and saw a bright blaze which lasted but for a moment. The short-lived flame gave no warmth to the water in the pot. The noisy thorns left less than a tiny thimbleful of ashes on the hearth. Yet the wise man of the olden time drew a lesson from such a homely scene, saying, "As the crackling of thorns under a pot so is the laughter of a fool." What does he teach you in these words? Just this: that the merriment of those youths who laugh at serious persons and things is short-lived, does no good either to themselves or others, and is soon followed by heaviness of heart and the sting

of a guilty conscience. If therefore, O serious-minded youth, such pretenders to jollity laugh at you, be not moved from duty by their foolish laughter. Think of the crackling thorns, and the momentary flash that dies out in darkness, and stand firm as a rock to truth, to right, and to your purpose to be loyal soldiers of the Captain of your salvation. Foolish men mocked him. If foolish youth jeer at you, heed them not.—*Our Youth.*

The Common Question.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

BEHIND us at our evening meal
The grey bird ate his fill,
Swung downward by a single claw,
And wiped his hooked bill.

He shook his wings and crimson tail,
And set his head askant,
And, in his sharp, impatient way,
Asked, "What does Charlie want?"

"Fie, silly bird!" I answered, "tuck
Your head beneath your wing,
And go to sleep;" but o'er and o'er
He asked the selfsame thing.

Then, smiling, to myself I said:
How like are men and birds!
We all are saying what he says,
In action or in words.

The boy with whip and top and drum,
The girl with hoop and doll,
And men with lands and houses, ask
The question of Poor Poll.

However full, with something more
We fain the bag would cram;
We sigh above our crowded nets
For fish that never swam.

No bounty of indulgent Heaven
The vague desire can stay;
Self-love is still a Tartar mill
For grinding prayers away.

The dear God hears and pities all,
He knoweth all our wants;
And what we blindly ask of Him
His love withholds or grants.

And so I sometimes think our prayers
Might well be merged in one;
And nest and perch and hearth and church
Repeat, "Thy will be done."

The Great Master.

BY DR. BACON.

"I AM my own master," cried a young man, proudly, when a friend tried to persuade him from an enterprise which he had on hand. "I am my own master!"

"Did you ever consider what a responsible post that is?" asked a friend.

"Responsible—is it?"

"A master must lay out the work he wants done, and see that it is done right. He should try to secure the best ends by the best means. He must keep on the lookout against obstacles and accidents, and watch that everything goes straight, or else he will fail."

"Well."

"To be master of yourself you have your conscience to keep clear, your heart to cultivate, your temper to govern, your will to direct, and your judgment to instruct. You are master over a hard lot, and if you don't master them they will master you."

"That is so," said the young man.

"Now, I could undertake no such thing," said his friend; "I should fail sure if I did. Saul wanted to be his own master, and failed. Herod did. Judas did. No man is fit for it. 'One is my Master, even Christ.' I work under God's direction. When he is Master, all goes right."